The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE. {Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.}

VOL. XXXV. BOSTON, DECEMBER 5, 1885. NO. 32.

Neglected Blessings.

THERE is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only could stop and take it,
And many a tone from the better land,

To the manly soul that is full of hope
And whose beautiful trust ne'er fails,
The grass is green and the flowers fair
Though the wintry storm prevails.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And keep the eye still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
Where the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem on the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
Which is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or it may bea beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, tender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.—*Sel.*

Bearing Sheaves.

Soon life's spring-time will be over,
And its autumn days will come?
Happy then will be those workmen
Who have sheaves to carry home.

How Patty Perkins Tried to Stand in Susie Dale's Shoes.

AND what a red little comfort-box Patty Perkins' school-ho was! It was ucked into an ed of the great green forest that c e marching down, tall and sha lowy, from e slopes of Gray Mountain, and met the winding country-roads at the "Four Corners." In winter the forest made a fence for the school, and when the fire in the big wood-stove was lighted, the children behind the fence were sure to be warm. In summer the forest shaded the "box," and if the pines found any nice cool wind astray on the top of Gray Mountain they passed it along till it came fragrant and humming through the open windows of the little red school-house.

It was now the season of "examinations."

"Come, young folks," said Miss Eggleston, speaking in her quick, nervous way, and flashing the sparks out of her bright, dark eyes, "to-morrow morning, you know, is 'examination.' We must all be ready. Judge Porter will be here, and Mr. Smith, the minister, and Mrs. Squire Park, and ever so many others."

What a picture came before the young people's minds! Judge Porter, stately and white-haired, leaning on his gold-headed cane; Mr. Smith, looking so sharp through his spectacles; Mrs. Squire Park, fat and puffing, and radiant in her crimson-decorated hat!

"And, young people, now I want you to have your desks in good order, the tops and sides all cleaned neat and nice. Who will now? Hold up your hands!" said the teacher.

Patty Perkins' hand went up, Poppy Perkins',

Joe Perkins', Susie Dale's, Arminda Hale's—and I don't know how many!

"I'm goin' to bring thome thope," declared Susie Dale, after school at noon.

"Soap?" said Patty. "That will be nice. And teacher says we can clean after school to-night."

After school there was a good deal of soaping and scrubbing, then soaping and scrubbing again. Even Joe Perkins, good-natured, lazy, thoughtless, blundering Joe, showed an intense interest in the cleaning.

"But you have taken the paint off," said Miss Eggleston.

"Well, if that's gone," declared Joe, grinning, "my face is left!"

And it did seem as if the desk shone so brightly that Joe could see his face in it!

Susie Dale and Patty Perkins were neighbors, and they went home together, happy as if they had been polishing up a throne for a queen's occupancy.

About dark Mrs. Perkins said to Patty's brother, "Joe, I don't like to trouble you, but I heard this afternoon that your grandmother is not well, and I shall have to ask you to take some medicine to her, and you had better stay all night."

"All right, mother. To-morrow morning is examination, and I guess I will get the schoolhouse key where Miss Eggleston boards, and stop and get my atlas, and take that. I have some maps to draw, and I can take some note-paper with me, and practice to-night."

"That will be a good idea, Joseph."

Off trudged Joe, whistling, "I love, I love to go to school." It was an unusual thing for him, as school generally did not attract him.

Patty was not late the next morning but neither was she early. The most of the scholars were in their seats, and so were some of the visitors. There was Judge Porter leaning on his gold-headed cane. There was Mrs. Squire Park, heated and panting, and her hat trimmings so red looked hot and panting also. There was the baker, but you never could have guessed that the man nicely dressed in black was the baker who with his gray hat and flour-spotted coat on other days went bouncing up and down in his yellow bread-cart.

"Oh-h-h!"

It was Patty. On her scrubbed desk-top was a white sheet of note-paper, but under the note-paper so white was an ink-spot so black; How did it come there? That was a mystery.

"O dear!" she sighed, as she seized her handkerchief, and dipping it into a vase of water on the window-sill, began to scrub anew her desk. In her eagerness she thoughtlessly blacked her fingers, and with the fingers putting her hair back from her brow, she thoughtlessly inked her face!

"What makes the scholars laugh?" thought Patty, "and if Judge Porter isn't smiling!"

"Why, Patty, child!" nervously exclaimed Miss Eggleston, rushing to Patty's desk, "what are you up to? You look like a fright! Careless to spill your ink—so careless! Let me wipe your face!"

Patty had been ready to cry before, and she now cried.

"There, there," whispered Miss Eggleston, "don't spoil everything!"

What an afternoon that was! Somehow Patty survived it, but how she did envy a fly on the edge of a crack in the floor, and wish she was as small as that fly! Wouldn't she go down that crack quick!

After school the mysterious ink-spot was a prominent subject of discussion.

"I didn't put it there!" declared Patty.

"But who did?" asked Miss Eggleston.

"I don't know."

Nobody knew.

"This note-paper was on it," said Patty.

"It's just like this piece," said Tommy Trefethen, bringing forward a piece of note-paper which he had found beneath Susie Dale's seat. That Tommy! His bright eyes were always detecting something. The boys called him "Weasel-eyes."

"Just like this, did you say?" asked Miss Eggleston, comparing the two pieces of paper. "If they don't fit into one another!"

"What?" asked Patty.

"Why, if you put together these two pieces, they fit into one another and make a sheet.

It certainly was "funny."

"Now, Susie," said Miss Eggleston, turning sharply on a thin, timid, big-eyed girl behind her, "didn't you put the ink on Patty's desk and cover it up with a piece of paper you had, yes, tearing in two a sheet of note-paper?"

Miss Eggleston unfortunately had been brought up to suspect others rather than trust them, and when she might suspect one she had a way of "pouncing" on the individual,

to use her own language, and in that way she sometimes "caught" them, and sometimes—she didn't.

Susie was speechless, as if struck by a cannon-ball! She huug her head in terror.

"Guilty!" thought Miss Eggleston, and then said it.

"I didn't do it," sobbed Susie, and to that assertion she steadily adhered.

Two miserable girls went away from the school-house, the mortified Patty, the accused Susie.

When Patty reached home she looked inside the kitchen-door, and there in the red rocking-chair near the stove, looking like a picture of peace itself, sat grandmother!

"Why, grandmother, I thought you were sick!" said Patty. "You here?"

"I'm here. I was sick, but can't folks get better? Your mother did not hear that I was better, and I thought I would come over with Joseph and prove it to you all."

"I'm real glad to see you. Then that's where Joseph was. I wondered why he did not get to school this morning."

"Well, he intended to be there, but a mile this side of the Farrar Wood the harness gave way, and we had to stop and get a man to help mend it. That's why Joseph could not get to school. He said it was examination. Did you have a pleasant time?"

Patty's eyes were very red now, and grandmother saw it.

Why, what is the matter, Patty?"

Patty's heart was full, over-full, and gave way like a dam before the pressure of a freshet.

"I had an awful time, grandmother."

"There, there, dear, you tell me all about it," and grandmother took Patty to her bosom. Patty felt that the loving arms could be trusted even as a young bird safely nestles under the mother-wing. Patty told every thing, adding:

"It was mean in Susie."

"I don't know as Susie did it."

"Teacher thinks so."

"I know it, but I should take Susie to be innocent until she is proved to be guilty. I would give her the benefit of the doubt. Just think! How would you like it if you stood in Susie's shoes and had some one accuse you?"

The thought of putting her plump foot in one of Susie's thin little shoes amused Patty, and a sunbeam flashed its light through the tears in her eyes. She saw grandmother's point and appreciated it.

"And another thing: if I had any wrong thoughts toward Susie, if I felt hard, I would empty my heart of it all, Patty. Just wait. Perhaps Susie may not be to blame."

"What you say makes me fell better, grandmother," declared Patty.

Of course she must feel better after emptying her heart of ugly feelings that, like thieving birds, had crept into that little nest. And then the effort to get into Susie's shoes, and imagine how she would like to be accused of a wrong, had its effect. Patty and grandmother were still talking the subject over, when they heard footsteps in the entry. They kept on talking, still wondering about that mysterious ink-spot. Suddenly, the person in the entry laughed. Then he rushed into the room. It was Joe, good-natured, blundering Joe.

"Look here! What are you folks talking about?" he asked. "I could but hear what you said about the ink on Patty's desk, and the paper there that fitted into a piece under Susie's desk. See here! I went into the school-house after a book last night. It was about dark. I thought Patty might like some more ink, as she had been asking for some, and I poured some from my bottle into hers, and—and—I guess I spilled it, but didn't see in the dark! I thought I would give her a piece of paper as she had asked for that too, and tearing a sheet I gave half to Patty, leaving half on her desk, and thought Susie might like the other half!"

And so it was that blundering Joe!—*S. S. Advocate.*

Thankfulness.

Said a very old man, "Some folks are always complaining about the weather, but I am very thankful when I wake up in the morning and find any weather at all."

We may smile at the simplicity of the old man, but still his language indicates a spirit that contributes much to calm and peaceful life. It is better and wiser to cultivate that spirit than to be always complaining of things as they are. Be thankful for such mercies as you have, and if God sees it will be for your good and his glory, he will give many more. At least do not make yourself and others unhappy by your ingratitude and complaints.—*Sel.*

For the Myrtle.

Help the Weak.

Out of the wiid storm,
Out of the cold,
Tenderly gather the sheep
To the fold.

Never should harm rest
That we can correct.
No creature suffer
That we may protect.

E. M. B.

David's Conscience.

You see David knew just what was the right thing to do, but he would not confess that it was the only right thing. There was the empty wood-box. His mother was with sick Mrs. Jenks. She would come home at five, and have the wood to bring in herself. "Father told me to meet him at the store at two." Davy said to conscience. "But you know he told Mr. Kane afterward that, with that tired horse, he could hardly get there before half-past two; and you can fill this box in ten minutes by the clock," said conscience to Davy.

"Well, I don't want to fill that box; and I'll get no credit, if I do, Mother'll think father filled it. I've done it lots of times, and had no notice taken of it."

This brought down a storm upon Davy's head.

"How much notice do you take of the dinner your mother cooks for you? or of the clothes she makes and mends? How much did you thank your father for the long ride he took to get your books this morning? How much have you noticed God's sunshine to-day or the strong, well body he has given to you instead of Mrs. Jenks? How much"—

"Never mind, never mind, I'll do it," cried Davy.

"You'd *better!*" said conscience.—*Sel.*

The Boy's Best Friends.

The best friends a boy can have are his own parents. How much they love him and care for him it is impossible for him to know. By and by, when he becomes a man, he will doubtless have a better understanding of it. Some things, which are now very strange to him, will then be made plain. If he can now only believe this and trust his parents fully, even though he does not fully comprehend their plans for him, it will indeed be well for him.

For the Myrtle.

The Thanksgiving Party.

WHEN Thanksgiving day was at hand Mr. Cole told his little daughter Etta that he would make a party for her, and invite some little girls and boys of her own age to come and help her eat a Thanksgiving turkey.

Etta was quite delighted and thanked her father sincerely for his kindness.

The morning after this proposition was made, Etta ran down to the breakfast room with her face all aglow with joy, and said:

"Oh papa I have thought of such a nice plan. If you would just as soon let me select the company for the Thanksgiving party, I think it would be very nice to have some guests who will have no other place to go on that day and no Thanksgiving feast unless we give them one. Are you willing that I should have a dinner for the poor, papa?"

Why yes my child, I think that is a very good idea. What put it into your head?"

"It came into my head when I passed the Herald Office to day, and saw some of the ragged little news-boys about the door. Some of them do look real poor. They are pale and thin, as if they had not been well fed, and I think it would be a real joy to them to eat a nice Thanksgiving dinner."

"It certainly would my dear; and I think you were a very nice little girl to wish to make these poor boys happy. You shall have just such a party as your kind heart has prompted.

Mrs. Cole entered with great spirit into the plan, and we are sure there was no happier family in the State on Thanksgiving day than this one where a little daughter spent her day in trying to make others happy. As it is more blessed to give than to receive, we know that our friends the Cole's reaped the richer harvest of joy.

E. M. B.

Lincoln's Mother.

Though President Lincoln's mother died when he was only ten years of age, yet she lived long enough to inspire him with a noble ambition, to train him to love truth and justice, and to reverence God and goodness. Years after, when men were looking to him as one who might become a national leader, he said,—

"All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my mother."

The wife of a pioneer, she shared the privations and hardships of life in a wilderness. The struggle for existence familiarized her not only with the distaff and the spinning-wheel, but with the ax, the hoe, and the rifle. She helped her husband to clean and break up the soil, to kill wild turkeys, as well as deer and bears, whose flesh she cooked and whose skins she dressed and made into clothes.

When she married, her husband could neither read nor write, but she found time, toilsome as was her life, to teach both rudiments to him and to her son. She was unusually intelligent and refined for a pioneer's wife. Her taste and love of beauty made her log house an exceptional home in a wilderness, where the people were rugged, and lived so far apart that they could hardly see the smoke from each other's cabins.

When Abraham Lincoln had gained the people's ear, men noticed that he scarcely made a speech or wrote a State paper in which there was not an illustration or a quotation from the Bible. "Abe Lincoln," his friends used to say, "is more familiar with the Bible than most ministers."

He had been thoroughly instructed in it by his mother. It was the one book always found in the pioneer's cabin, and to it she, being a woman of deep religious feeling, turned for sympathy and refreshment. Out of it, she taught her boy to spell and read, and with its poetry, histories, and principles she so familiarized him that they always influenced his subsequent life.

She was fond of books, and read all she could beg or borrow from the pioneers far and near. Her boy early imbibed his mother's passion for books. Here and there could be found in the cabin Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Weems' "Life of Washington," and Burns' poems. Young Abe read these over and over again, until he knew them as he knew the alphabet.

When his mother died, the son had already received a good education—he told the truth, he loved justice, he reverenced God, he respected goodness, he was fond of reading, he could swing the ax, shoot the rifle, and take more than a boy's part in subduing the wilderness, and building up a home.

She selected the place for her burial. It was under a majestic sycamore, on the top of a forest-covered hill that stretched above her log-cabin home. No clergyman could be found to bury her, and neighbors took part in the simple, solemn rites. Months after, a preacher, who had been written to, traveled hundreds of miles through the forest to preach a funeral sermon under the great sycamore.

The boy of ten years never forgot those sad, plain services, nor the mother whose memory they honored. She ever remained to him the incarnation of tenderness, love, self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty. When he was President, he honored her training by the thought, "She placed me here!"—*Sel-*

HERE are several advertisements of wants which strike us as rather singular.

A man wants "a lad able to take care of a horse that must wear a white overcoat." What a strange garment for a horse!

"Wanted, a nurse for an infant aged about thirty." Rather an old infant!

"Wanted, a girl to polish boots of a moral character." The advertiser does not tell us who is to decide the moral character of the boots, nor how it is to be decided. Perhaps that is a part of the girl's work. But only think of "boots of a moral character!"

I NEVER knew a disobedient boy or girl who became either good or great. I never knew sons or daughters to turn aside from the advice of their parents, and "do as they pleased," but they found the end of their doings trouble and sorrow.

Sermon.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—*Matt.* v. 16.

"We had a sermon to-day which really set me thinking," said Andrew.

"Thinking about what?" Jimmy asked.

"About how much each of us may do, if we are pleased to put ourselves to work; or in other words about the influence of one life upon all the lives it touches.

"Well give us the result of your thinking. Are you going to set to work now, and astonish the world with some form of greatness that no one has ever before reached?"

"Not at all Jimmy. The sermon did not rasie any such wild ambitions in the minds of those who heard it. I think it must have had the very opposite effect upon us all. I am sure it did upon me."

"Do you mean to say that you are less likely to do great deeds for the world than you were before you heard it. If you are I think you had better have stayed away from church to-day."

"I do not mean to say that I am less likely to strive after greatness and the worlds applause and more likely to seek for the the ways of living which our Savior came to teach. I would rather do a great many little deeds of kindness than carry out any one great ambitious design.

Our minister made us see, how possible such a life of goodness is to every one of us.

He told us this story to help us to remember it:

Some years ago, in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavement of a steep hill, up which loaded wagons and carts were constantly moving. Yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat and curse the poor animals who tugged and pulled and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way, except a poor old woman, who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her so, to see the poor horses slip and fall on the slippery pavement, that every morning, old and feeble as she was, with trembling steps she climbed the hill and emptied her ash-pan and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbors, on the smoothest spot.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention, but after a little they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, to be ashamed of their own cruelty, and to listen to her requests that they would be more gentle with their beasts.

The Town-officials heard of the old lady's work and they were ashamed too, and set to work leveling the hill and re-opening the pavement. Prominent men came to know what the old woman had done, and it suggested to them an organization for doing such work as the old lady had inaugurated. All this made the teamsters so grateful, that they went among their employers and others with a subscription paper, and raised a fund which brought the old lady a comfortable annuity for life. So one poor old woman and her ash-pan not only kept the poor overloaded horses from falling and stopped the blows and curses of their drivers, but made every animal in the city more comfortable, improved and beautified the city itself, and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell.

Our Sunday Schools.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

At Winchester our Sunday school is vigorous.

From the Secretary's report given at the recent New Hampshire Sunday school Convention we learn that there are 23 schools in the State with 1886 members. There has been a gain of 54 in membership within the year.

Mrs. Foster gave an interesting account of her Sunday school work in Weare. For nineteen years without a pastor they have maintained the Sunday school. Over one thousand consecutive sessions have been held.

VERMONT.

At Marshfield the Sunday school is growing in numbers and interest.

Jonas Barber of Richmond gives by his will, among other bequests, $500 to the Sunday school in Richmond, the interest to be expended in books for the Sunday school.

About eighty choice volumes selected by the committee of the Universalist Publishing House were recently added to the Sunday school library at Woodstock. The purchase money was cheerfully given by Justin McKenzie a wealthy and liberal member of the parish.

NEW YORK.

At Bristol the Sunday school has grown from 60 to 80.

Dr. O. Bliss the enterprising Sunday school Superintendent at Potsdam reports both attendance and collections as very good.

PENNSYLVANIA.

At Springfield the Sunday school has been recently reorganized.

OHIO.

The Sunday school at Springborough prospers.

IOWA.

The Sunday school at Cedar Rapids has been revived and is slowly growing.

MARYLAND.

The Sunday school of the Second Universalist Church Baltimore which was organized in 1832 celebrated its 53rd anniversary recently. The school numbers 223 scholars and 25 teachers. Its financial affairs are in good condition.

MICHIGAN.

Our Sunday school at Tecumseh prospers. They recently gave a very successful Autumn Concert.

HARVEST PAGE.

Hidden Seed

186.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 1 2, 5 we do with our eyes.
My 1, 8, 3, 4, 5 is to help,
My 9, 10, 4, 5 is the chief attribute of God.
My 7, 18, 19, 4, 5 is to throw.
My 17, 19, 20, 5 is what we pay on a journey.
My 13, 14, 17, 5 is a life partner.
My 1, 15, 10, 4, 5 we use in cooking.
My 12, 11, 14, 4, 5 is to make go.
My 6, 14, 20, 5 is a child's apron.
My 16, 8, 3, 5 is in this place.
My whole is in Psalms. *Estlin Pease.*

187.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant: An animal: A boy's name: Is what good scholars do: A consonant or vowel.
Nellie Tompkins.

188.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 is belief.
My 7, 8, 9, 19 is the opposite of empty.
My 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 is one who testifies.
My 17, 18, 20, 24, 22, 10 is a tree.
My 23, 25, 21 is a metal.
My 6, 26, 1, 24, 12, 6 is the opposite of sickness.
My whole is in the Bible *Ellen Hopper.*

189.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

R—m—m—e—t—e—a—b—t—d—y—o—e—p—t—o—y. *H. E. Wright.*

190.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 22, 35, 18, 33 lives in the ocean.
My 36, 30, 5, 10, 13, 1 is a color.
My 20, 7, 8, 12 is what a donkey does.
My 11, 24, 27, 9 is a reptile.
My 16, 8, 32, 31 is the truth.
My 6, 14, 23, 26 is a guide to mariners.
My 29, 28, 31, 21 is cunning.
My 34, 17, 3, 4 is the home of the bee.
My 19, 2, 15, 25 is present.
My whole is a good maxim. *Percival Barnard.*

191.—ANAGRAM.

Het hntisg hwcih rea pmissoblie thwi nem rea sspbileo thwi odG. *Clara Churbhill.*

192.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

W—o—g—t—o—e—d—h—h—l—B—b—e.
Nellie Tompkins.

CONNUDRUM.

When is a man not a man? When he is a-shaving.

181.—ENIGMA.

Love is the fulfilling of the law.

182.—ANAGRAM.

Surely goodness and mercy will follow you.

183.—ENIGMA.

Stand still and consider the wondrous works of God.

184.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

S
A T E
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S T A T E L Y
A M E N D
I L L
Y

185.—ENIGMA.

The lips of the righteous feed many.

OUR HARVESTERS.

Harry and Rose Erdman, 4; Lewis D. Christie, 3; Olive E. Burlingame, 3; Minnie Doggett, 3; Effie Doggett, 3; Marion H. Reed, 4; Bertie Green, 3.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

Universalist Publishing House,
16 Bromfield St., Boston,
CHARLES CAVERLY, Agent.

MRS. E. M. BRUCE, EDITOR.

TERMS:—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.
Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.
Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names.* to one address, **50** cents each year.

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